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MARIANA

OF

FLORENCE.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

By JOHN GILBERT.

Entered according to Act of Congress.

NEW YORK:

1857.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIGNOR FERNANDO, (*a nobleman of the house of Ghebbeline,*)
SIGNOR GONZALO, (*a nobleman of the house of Bianchi,*)
RAFFAELO, *a Neapolitan artist,*
ANTONIO, MARCO, MASINI, (*Florentine sculptors,*)
GOMO, (*Proprietor of a Smithy,*)
TOMASO, JACOPO, FERRO, } *Gomo's Assistants,*
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD,
TWO CITIZENS,
SIGNORA GONZALO,
MARIANA,
JULIETTA,
PRIEST,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
FLOWER GIRLS, &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1857.
By JOHN GILBERT,
in the Clerks office, of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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MARIANA OF FLORENCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Studio with figures and busts.* ANTONIO L. MARINI R *and* MARCO *at a table* R. C. *carousing. Scene opens with laughter.*

ANTONIO. Here's to Momus, the God of mirth and raillery. (*drinks.*) Now, gentlemen, fill your glasses again. Let us do honor to Bacchus as becomes the warm blood of true Florentines. I vow by the fair Mariana, whose divine beauty ravishes the senses of all who have the extreme honor to behold her, that I see even now that wine-puffed God astride a butt of wine (*laughs*) ay in the full tide and glory of his revered godship—winking so knowingly, coaxingly, and so cunningly on this very night to make me fancy I'm in reality among a host of wine-drinking gods with a never-ending flow of spirits. (*laughs.*) Am I right? Come fill again! Here's to Mariana, the Florentine beauty. (*They rise and drink to the toast.*)

MARINI. Bravissimo! Thou say'st right, Antonio. It is no illusion of the senses. I feel, too, a flow of animal spirits. 'Tis glorious. It is indeed alike glorious and romantic that we three should equally chance to see and fall desperately in love with one and the same object, (*laughs,*) ha! ha! Come! let's fill—Long life to Mariana—Italia's pride! (*They drink to the toast.*)

MARCO. (*laughs*) ha! ha! Why, gentlemen, I've read 'tis true, many a love romance, yet one to equal ours, I swear cannot be found. Three to love one object (*laughs*) ha! ha! Now who is it? Mariana, inaccessible to mortal man—so it's said—and the reward of our love-sick repinings. Hush! why in sooth a phantom dancing ever and anon before the eyes to dazzle them with its earthly loveliness. Now venture to touch it with the tip of one's small pointed finger. Lo! it vanishes into air—

what a gloomy prospect for the three love-sick swains, eh? (*laughs*) ha! ha! Come a bumper this time, ay, an overflowing bumper. To Mariana we pledge our hearts! (*They drink to the toast.*)

Antonio. 'Gad! This wine lends fire to my blood—Kindles up my imagination to a fiery blaze, giving me double confidence in myself, nerving me now to propose and enter heart and soul upon a love adventure, which would be, if carried out as I intend, a romance, ay, o'ertopping romance by odds, and worthy of us too. The Florentine love-sick Three. What say ye—Wilt hear it?

Marini. By all means. We know thy head is screw'd on the right way and lacks not brains.

Marco. Nor does it wit or cunning to weave a web, and catch a wary fly. So out with it good Antonio.

Delay is dangerous they say,
Frolic be the order of the day.

(*They rise.*)

Antonio. (c.) Now, you both know the piazza and the dwelling of Signor Gonzalo, one of the proud and imperious of the house of Bianchi. Well! Mariana is by the stern and iron will of her unnatural father caged therein, like a much-valued and tender fondling, much, I doubt not, against her own inclination, for she, like the rest of her sex, has her affections and antipathies—that's natural, of course. Now may we not make a venture, or in other words begin a chivalrous love adventure, to wit? I'll repair me to the piazza and under the window of the fair and lovely Marchesa—disguised to suit the occasion—seek by signs, serenading and gesticulation to attract her attention, and if she's a woman, nay a very Goddess, the fruit of my adventure may be a midnight scramble into her chamber and a fond embrace as a reward of my gallantry. Now gentlemen what think ye of my plan?

Marini. Glorious! (*laughs*) ha! ha!

Marco. Incontestibly glorious. (*laughs*) ha! ha!

Marini. Ay, worthy the intellectual head of Antonio. By Jove! 'tis a ray of Mariana's wisdom both romantic and frolicsome. Say the attempt shall be made to night at the hour of 12.

Antonio. } Agreed!
Marco. }

Antonio. Now gentlemen, in order to make this adventure fair for each, since we are equally in love with Mariana, and also to deceive her that each visit from each of us be in fact the visits of but one and the self-same lover, I propose that we present ourselves, clad alike, so that should one succeed all three will win the prize.

MARINI and MARCO. (*Both seizing Antonio by the hand*) Bravo Antonio. Thou rogue! O, 'tis wondrous clever—(*they laugh*) ha! ha!

ANTONIO. Now for the dice. Each throw. He that throws the highest number shall have the honor of the first adventure.

MARINI and MARCO. Agreed!

(*They throw alternately.*)

ANTONIO. (*Throwing.*) That's high, by Jupiter!

MARCO. (*throwing.*) That's lower, by Pan!

MARINI. (*throwing.*) That's still lower, by Pluto!

ANTONIO. (*laughs.*) Ha! ha! 'Gad! I'm the highest. I've cast my own lot, the first to enter upon this tournament of love. Well! be it so.

MARCO. Gentlemen, we'll drink another bumper to sweet Mariana and success to our enterprise of love and fun. (*They drink to the toast.*)

ANTONIO. Before concluding, gentlemen, I propose that we bind our contract chivalrously in accordance with Florentine usage from immemorial time. Draw! (*they draw their rapiers*) Now cross! (*they cross their rapiers.*)

ANTONIO. We, Antonio, Marini and Marco do here swear to bind ourselves in solemn compact, faithfully to carry out this scheme.

ANTONIO. MARCO. MARINI. I swear!

SCENE II. *Exterior of a Smithy on a Street.* GOMO, TOMASO, JACOPO *and* FERRO *enter* R. II. 1 C.

GOMO. I tell you Tomaso, Jacopo, and Ferro that you never shod horses more vilely, and that you have not earned your day's wages. Now come and finish the labors of the day by rivetting the doors of the old prison, then get your suppers and be up early in the morning to mend your ways. Stay, here is some lord who seeks me—perhaps you may have to go to work to night.

Enter SIGNOR FERNANDO, L. H.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Good evening master Gomo! Good evening to all. Dost thou not know me, Gomo?

GOMO. Know thee? Doth not the dog's instinct point him his master? Wherefore then should not Gomo know thee most noble Signor Fernando?

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Ah, thou knowest me, indeed, Gomo. But why have you labored so hard? Faith! would'st thou outdo the God Vulcan, in skill?.

GOMO. Humph! In what manner, and wherefore Signor?

SIGNOR FERNANDO. In making a shield and armour superior to Vulcan's, for some future Achilles, or Æneas; the sceptre of Agamemnon; the Golden collar given to Hermione; the golden dogs that watched the house of Alcinous, or the urn which received the ashes of Achilles, for to tell thee the truth, Gomo, thou and thy companions are, in truth, fair specimens of Vulcan and his three Cyclops.

GOMO. (*laughs.*) Ha! ha! The comparison is good in the main; yet I like it not, since the marrow of it savors of flattery, its object may hap—— (*pauses.*) Well! well! 'tis best known to thyself! But what service would'st thou have of me? We but live to serve, and serve to live again.

FERNANDO. Yes I have need of thy aid.

GOMO. Is it a divinity to be entrapped? or is the removal of some loathsome biped that has dared to cross thy beaten track necessary? It is so, or Gomo lacks a prophetic eye. (*laughs.*) ha! ha!

SIGNOR FERNANDO. A word with thee. (*taking Gomo to* L.) Thou hast, indeed, hit the mark. I see thou hast keenly sharpen'd wits, burly strength, and a nerve well strung. Now it is one like thee I'd fain gain for my purpose. But my much-esteemed Gomo, can these friends of thine be trusted?

GOMO. (*laughs*) Ha! ha! Doubt it not, Signor. The kennel dog is not more subservient to the will of his master than each of them is to Gomo. (*to his companions.*) Come hither. (TOMASO. JACOPO, *and* FERRO *advance.*)

Proceed Signor.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. (L.) It is of Mariana, the daughter of old Gonzalo, I'd speak. At one time she seemed to lend a partial ear to me; but strange to say she will not further listen to my suit. By sheer accident I discovered the cause. One Raffaelo, by power of sorcery or such like means, hath gained an ascendancy over her affections, which leaves no room for me to hope. So then, I'd have this dog to lick the dust—the merited penalty of his audacity. It is, to say the least, a punishable impertinence that he a poor artist, of low-born birth, and nameless family,

should dare aspire to the hand of the fair and beauteous Mariana of the powerful house of Bianchi. Again I say, brave Gomo, this dog must die!

Gomo. Ay, a premature death.

Signor Fernando. I find thee apt, and thou hast not been belied. I know that Gomo for wit and ability in such matters, is matchless. Hence I have come to thee, and if thou wilt do my bidding the reward shall be 5,000 florins, one half to be paid the instant the bargain's struck, the other when the job's accomplished.

Gomo. Ugh! Five thousand florins to be split into two parts, one part to make a will for the deed, the other paid to stifle one's conscience. No! no! I cannot take it. The sum's too small, mostnoble Signor.

Signor Fernando. The sum's too small? How much too little then, brave Gomo?

Gomo. A thousand—an even number and easier to divide for four. What say'st thou Signor?

Signor Fernando. Agreed! Six thousand I'll give thee.

Gomo. (*to his companinos.*) Friends what say ye to this? Can ye shed a little more blood, then lull your consciences to sleep with the chink of six thousand florins. If so—the signal! The signal! (Gomo's *companions here hurl their hammers over their heads and poise them.* Signor Fernando *starts, crossing to* R. H.) Nay, do not start Signor. Those hammers were not raised to strike thee, but the bargain. (*laughs.*) Now Signor we'd have an exact description of Raffaelo's person, since we know him not, his rendezvous and the time thou deem'st it charitable to send him hence.

Signor Fernando. Well spoken! At the quiet hour of midnight he betakes himself to the Piazza, near Gonzalo's house. Nightly he repairs thither enveloped in a cloak, wearing a slouched hat, adorned with plumes of white feathers and in his hand a guitar. Now these things with the assurance that none other would be spoken to by Mariana at such a time, will, I'm sure, be all-sufficient for the keen eagle-eye of Gomo and his companions.

Gomo. Right! good and noble Signor. Give me the three thousand florins, then be assured the deed's half done.

Signor Fernando. (*hands* Gomo *a purse.*) Now Gomo remember 12 o'clock at night. The Piazza. Strike to his heart's core. That daring interloper shall pay the forfeit of his blind idolatry.

Gomo. Ay, ay, Signor. He dies. My word's my bond. Tomorrow night we'll dispatch him. Then what say'st thou to our meeting on the following night at the old castle ruins as its ponderous bells strike *one*?

SIGNOR FERNANDO. With all my heart.

GOMO. Come, lads, come on with me, we'll study how to do this work. (GOMO *and his companions exeunt* L. H.)

SIGNOR FERNANDO (*aside.*) Tis well! now success must in sooth crown the undertaking and I shall win a prize (for to win is but to remove Raffaelo,) which to clasp will be a cestus of delight, nay a heavenly unction to my soul in a two-fold way. First—the possession of so much beauty. Second—the much-coveted reconcilliation of the houses of Ghebbeline and Bianchi which for ages have been arrayed against each other in deadly strife. This wish is paramount. The means for the end is, however, blood. Well! let it flow. The alternative is apt. Not mine the act—but theirs! (*Exit* SIGNOR FERNANDO, R. H.)

SCENE 3.—*The Piazza.* SIGNOR GONZALO'S *mansion adjoining. Enter* RAFFAELO L. *with a guitar, cloak, slouched hat and white feathers.*

RAFFAELO. (*solus.*) Yes, Raffaelo fate would have it so, that thou should'st seek refuge here in Florence, behold, and love the fairest of her sex. O! what a solace it is that my passionate love for her hath been requited. How blessed am I that her heart and soul are mine, as mine are hers. Is it not a silly fancy, which sportive Cupid has conjured up to mock me with? Alas! methinks 'tis that forsooth, since how should I aspire to the hand of Mariana—daughter of the proudest and wealthiest house—or why should she descend to the level of Raffaelo, the struggling artist? The thought realizing my fondest hope, sets my brain on fire, and makes my soul almost a wreck.

(*The convent bell strikes the hour of* 12. RAFFAELO *repairs to* MARIANA'S *window, and cautiously looks about him, then strikes the strings of his Guitar.* MARIANA *appears at the window—drops a letter and closes the window.* RAFFAELO *picks up the letter.*)

(*reading the letter.*) "Do not tarry Raffaelo—I'm prevented from conversing with thee. Adieu till we meet again." (*folding the letter.*) Argel, I obey. (*exit* RAFFAELO, R.)

Enter ANTONIO (L.) *with a guitar, disguised with a cloak, slouched hat and white feathers.*

ANTONIO. Egad! There's the piazza, and that Gonzalo's house. That room above cages the lovely Mariana—I've caught glimpses of her more than once and know her to be an angel But how can I first attract her to the window? O! easily.

(*he plays.*)

GOMO *and his companions observed to enter stealthily.* L. H.

GOMO. In the very nick of time. See! Softly! steady! and all's well.!

TOMASO. Look! He's about to sing. Hush!

FERRO. Let's at him. No time to loose.

GOMO. Hush! Be still as wily tigers, when I cry *time*, follow!

ANTONIO. (R. C.) *sings,*

Sweet Mariana listen I pray,
'Tis love for thee hath brought me here;
For I've sorrowed the live-long day,
To sing my lay my soul to cheer.
Listen! O, listen!

Alas! she's not shown herself! Strange! On second thoughts, no! She's, no doubt, lulled to balmy sleep. I'll not despair! (GOMO *and his companions hide,* L. U. E.) No, I'll not go without a second trial. Another expedient I've hit upon.

GOMO *and his companions reappear,* L. U. E.

GOMO. Time!

GOMO *and his companinns dash at* ANTONIO, *plunge their daggers into his body and disappear.*

ANTONIO. Stabbed by assassins! O, Heaven! (*falls.*) Help! help! Mariana! Marini! Marco! O! I see it all—a plot most cruel and bloody! (*dies.*)

(*Murmurs without.*)

Enter Two Citizens. (L.)

1st CITIZEN. Good heavens! what have we here? (*examines the body.*) Fly! fly! Alarm the night-guard. Let the tocsin sound the alarm. Fly! I say, fly! (*exit* CITIZEN, L. *The noise without increases. The tocsin is heard.*

Enter CAPTAIN *of the Night-Guard and* SOLDIERS, (L.) (*A light appears at* MARIANA'S *window.*)

CAPTAIN OF THE NIGHT-GUARD. (*examines the body.*) A foul assassination? Heavens! This deed stains the honored name of Florence, See to it, guards. Bear this body hence, and seek the murderers out! A tragedy like this under the very threshold of the noblest house of Bianchi! Away! To the guard-house! away! (*exit all bearing off the body of* ANTONIO.)

[MARIANA *observed to come,* R, *from the door of her father's house, holding a light in her hand. She betrays much alarm and looks with caution about her.*]

MARIANA. Weary, I hasten me to bed. Now came to vibrate on the midnight air, music so plaintive and melodious to waken me. I listened—Alas! 'twas not Raffaelo's, there being too much venture in the delivery. Raffaelo is more wary. Then groans followed by a confused din of many and varied voices of harsh utterance.

JULIETTA *observed to come from door* R.

JULIETTA. My lady! my lady. O! why hast thou ventured forth? Indeed thou riskest too much lady Mariana.

MARIANA. Hush! Julietta! my mind wanders. The air seems loathsome, as it would, methinks, were I standing upon the grave of the dead!

JULIETTA. O! my lady! I prithee quit this spot. Do let us re-enter.

MARIANA. Saints of Heaven! what do I tread upon? O! Julietta, it is moist, but not water I fear!

JULIETTA. My lady do come away!

MARIANA. It is tenacious and clammy, and rivets me to the spot. Great God! my body feels pressed in the slimy folds of a serpent!

JULIETTA. All this is fancy my lady. O! do not linger here. Come! come away!

MARIANA. (*stoops and examines the ground.*) O, horror! blood! blood! Now maddened thoughts of doubt and fear crowd upon my fevered brain! Julietta. O! this may be Raffaelo's precious blood and I the innocent cause that led the fell destroyer to shed it. (*weeps.*)

JULIETTA. O! say not so my lady. O! do not weep.

MARIANA. (*recovering herself.*) Adieu! adieu to silly tears. I'll weep no more. I'll think of nothing but Raffaelo and his revenge. Ay, if he be dead his murder shall have atonement, or Mariana dies in the attempt! Now to the guard-house. To the guard-house Julietta.

JULIETTA. (*clinging to* MARIANA.) O, stay my lady! Stay my lady!

MARIANA. No! no! Julietta, I go, I go!

JULIETTA. Nay, nay! Julietta implores thee not to go. 'Tis meet to enter and alarm the house. This fury of thine is madness.

MARIANA. Julietta unhand me, my duty calls me. I must and will obey!

Enter SIGNOR GONZALO, SIGNORA GONZALO *and attendants,* R. *with torches.*

Father! Mother! b[illegible] that blood! O, horrid! horrid horrid! (MARIANA *drops* [illegible] *her knees and weeps aloud.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Exteror of a smithy on a street. Same as scene 2d—act First. A storm,* GOMO, TOMASO, JACOPO *and* FERRO.

GOMO. Faith! the night's a bit rough, boys.

TOMASO. Ay, in troth a teaser, Gomo.

JACOPO. Each flash and peal would warn the near approach of the Larvæ, Rome's goblins and spectres. [*they laugh.*]

FERRO. Or the coming of the Furies. [*they laugh.*] Say, Gomo what didst think of Raffaelo's apparition at the castle ruins?

GOMO. Humph! Sure 'twas an apparition, thou blubber-headed wiseacre?

FERRO. 'Twould seem like it, or would the vaunting Gomo stand and look aghast, and then shrink into an aspen leaf's quiver?

GOMO. Liar! 'Tis idle bravado that of thine, and as false as Hell! Gomo quiver like an aspen leaf! No! he would not in the presence of all the furies.

FERRO Thou didst, by my soul I swear it!

GOMO [*seizes* FERRO *by the throat.*] Wilt thou belie me? accuse wrongfully and swear falsely? Hear me thou babbler. Know that Gomo hath an approved good conscience and not easy made to make quail at sight of a monstrous shadow cast by a ruin reflected upon by the light of the moon. Knave, thou liest! [GOMO *dashes* FERRO *to the ground.*]

Enter RAFFAELO *hastily* L.

Again! What, is it appearing twice in form suspicious to blast my sight? Is it Raffaelo in semblance, or Raffaelo in reality? [*aloud.*] Speak! I will know the worst. [RAFFAELO *starts as from a sudden thought crossing his mind.*]

[GOMO *draws his dagger and makes for* RAFFAELO. RAFFAELO *draws his rapier, points it and retreats steadily to outlet. He beck* GOMO *to follow him, and exit.*

GOMO. Thou shalt answer me. [*following* RAFFAELO.]

FERRO. [*throws himself before* GOMO.] Art thou mad Gomo? Surely thou art when thou would'st risk toy life by pampering to an idle whim. Stay where thou art, man.

GOMO. Stand back, I say! who dares oppose me dies on the spot! I will know whether it be Raffaelo of flesh and blood, or some bantering airy sprite embodied in his form. Back!

Enter SIGNOR FERNANDO *in great haste,* R.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Gomo! Gomo! Raffaelo is not yet numbered with the dead! Thou.

GOMO. Ha! Signor Fernando here? Say'st thou that Raffaelo

is not yet numbered with the dead? He's still with the living then, for we saw him make his exit there but now!

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Raffaelo here?

GOMO. He or his ghost. As we saw him at the piazza and castle ruins so saw we him a moment since.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Alas! Gomo the Fates deceive us, and appear to hover benignly about this Raffaelo's person. We have seen no ghost, but Raffaelo in propria persona. Gomo thou and thy companions killed the wrong man.

GOMO AND HIS COMPANIONS. Killed the wrong man.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Ay, but 'tis too true. Young Antonio the sculptor, fell victim to want of foresight.

GOMO AND HIS COMPANIONS. Young Antonio the sculptor?

SIGNOR FERNANDO. I saw his body borne to the guard-house amid the enraged populace, whose execrations and fierce yells for revenge, made the very welkin to ring.

GOMO. Zounds! 'tis true then that Raffaelo is still at large, and poor Antonio gone to pave the way for Raffaelo and this Raffaelo playing the ghost to avenge, no doubt, the departed spirit of the much lamented sculptor. [*laughs.*] ha! ha! This is a rich joke Signor, savors of the serio-comic, and tickles my fancy. [GOMO *and his companions laugh.*]

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Gomo, this mistake is no laughing matter. Ye killed the innocent, and I am loser.

GOMO. Well, Signor, with your gracious leave we'll remedy the evil by curing the mistake. Raffaelo shall fall at our next attempt.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Good! but I'd have ye be wary Gomo. All Florence is put in commotion by reason of this unfortunate tragedy.

GOMO. Commotion! What of that? 'Twill be but a nine day's wonder ere the troubled social elements will again subside into their wonted calm, and there the tale will end. But now to business. A second bargain is necessary. I want to know the sum. Signor, I am indeed a plain speaking man.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. [*aside.*] Ay, plain speaking truly. [*aloud.*] Well, Gomo, thou art brave and willing, and I think somewhat conscientious. Thou'lt be pleased to moderate a little on the second demand. The sum I gave thee was large, yet failed withal.

GOMO. Failed! a mistake merely. 'Tis not fair to depreciate the will, though the deed was not accomplished. Consider that, Signor, and let it balance in our favor.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Good! I'll give thee six thousand florins.

GOMO. Agreed! [SIGNOR FERNANDO *hands* GOMO *a purse.*]

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Now no mistake this time, or a second failure would make it too dangerous to risk a third.

GOMO. Fear naught, Signor. Thy generous bounty must needs direct our blades to the heart of the right one this time Signor Fernando thou art worthy of Gomo's friendship. [*a flash and peal of thunder.*]

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Heavens! what a flash and peal was that?

GOMO. Bah! Take courage, Signor.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. I will. Now mind and fail not, and so fare ye well. [*exit* SIGNOR FERNANDO. L. GOMO *and his companion burst into a loud laugh, and exeunt.* R.

SCENE 2.—*Apartment in* SIGNOR GONZALO'S *house. Enter* MARIANA *and* RAFFAELO, R.

MARIANA. Ah! Raffaelo fain would I chide thee.

RAFFAELO. O! thou hast not the heart to do it, Mariana.

MARIANA. Alas! Raffaelo, why didst thou venture here?

RAFFAELO. O! ask me rather wherefore should I not venture here.

MARIANA. No no, rather say 'tis risking too much. I fear this impetuous love of ours will bring us to a sorry end. Heavens! my mother comes! O, Raffaelo, fly, nay—'tis too late. Enter this door, (RAFFAELO *enters door* L.) may Heaven preserve us!

Enter SIGNORA GONZALO, R.

SIGNORA GONZALO. How, now Mariana. Thou lookest confused, nay, distressed. (*embraces* MARIANA.) Come, come! Be cheerful.

MARIANA. It was not Raffaelo then, dear mother, whom all Florence supposed had met so cruel a death, yet I regret 'twas any one. Think'st, my august mother, 'twill be unravelled?

S. GONZALO. Alas! daughter, that's hard to say. Be assured the matter will be thoroughly sifted; but whether the guilty will be discovered, is more than I'm able to tell, my child. Now, Mariana, I'm inclined to think that this Antonio, the sculptor, (for 'twas he they say) sought to attract thee under thy window, and jealousy on the part of another, I know child thou hast many admirers, dictated the deed. Raffaelo is one of thy love-sick adorers.

MARIANA. Most true dear mother, and the only one I care for. Indeed his nobleness of soul hath made a captive of me.

S. GONZALO. But my child this love is a folly, since he's low-born, and thou of exalted rank. 'Twould be wrong in thy loving mother to encourage a passion so absurd and foreign to the rules and conventions of the society we move in. Moreover thy father,

mark ye me, will never consent to that union. So now my child do bury the past in oblivion. Forget Raffaelo.

MARIANA. Never mother! Ask me to die rather than forego my love for Raffaelo! In all else I'll be obedient dear mother, in that I cannot.

S. GONZALO. Alas! do consider my child. Your father hath wisely chosen for thee a proper husband. One equal in rank, wealth and family prestige—Signor Fernando of stainless name and character.

MARIANA. I have considered, dear mother, and my resolve is made. If Signor Fernando weds me 'twill be my cold and lifeless corpse. Heaven be my witness thereto.

S. GONZALO. Ah me! what will be the upshot of thy own obstinacy and thy father's fixed determination remains to be seen. O, Mariana! Thy fond mother trembles for thee, and well she may indeed. (*betrays emotion.*)

MARIANA. (*embracing her mother.*) Mother! mother! O, forgive me. (*they go up and seat themselves.*)

Enter SIGNOR GONZALO *and* SIGNOR FERNANDO, R.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. How? Signor Gonzalo? Antonio assassinated and not Raffaelo?

SIGNOR GONZALO. Exactly so, ay, Antonio and not Raffaelo. Indeed what matters which. The affair is horrid in all its phases, and for me made doubly so, as 'twas committed at the very threshold of my house.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Alas! 'tis most true Signor.

SIGNOR GONZALO. Yes, the tongue of slander is very busy. To hear it lisped for instance—Mariana's lover, jealousy the cause 'tis presumed. Why, Signor Fernando, 'twill grate harshly on mine ears.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. (*observes the ladies.*) Signor Gonzalo, the ladies. (MARIANA *and her mother rise and come down.*)

SIGNOR GONZALO. (*advancing to his wife.*) Ha! my wife and daughter. How fares my lady Gonzalo? (SIGNOR GONZALO *takes his wife's hand. They retire up.* SIGNOR FERNANDO *joins* MARIANA. *They come down.*

SIGNOR FERNANDO. (*to* MARIANA.) How pleased I am to see thee look so happy Mariana.

MARIANA. Why should I lose my happiness?

SIGNOR FERNANDO. It would seem that the painful tragedy of yesternight hath not changed, and I thank Heaven for it, thy cheerful brow, nor hath it dimm'd the radiant brightness of those eyes. In troth there's not a single lineament disturbed that always graced thy bewitching countenance. But, sweet Mariana, it was not Raffaelo who fell; they say, 'twas Antonio.

MARIANA. Ay, and blessed be the Saints that it is so, yet I do

lament me much for poor Antonio. Now which of the two would the kind and considerate Signor Fernando have had to fall?

SIGNOR FERNANDO. (*starts.*) Mariana to what end was that question put to me?

MARIANA. Simply that I might know whether your choice of love leaned more to one than the other. Signor Fernando thou seemest agitated—art thou unwell?

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Agitated! O, no! nor am I unwell. 'Tis fancy, believe me. (*aside.*) O! how searching is her eye! How like daggers her words! (*aloud to* MARIANA.) Adored Mariana, hast thou fully weighed my proposition of marriage?

MARIANA. I have, Signor Fernando.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. O, Mariana, I love thee with all the fervor of my nature. I know it is so, ay, thou consented to become mine.

MARIANA. Yes, mine own dictator.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. And thou'lt wed?

MARIANA. One of mine own choice.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. And that choice is?

MARIANA. Enough that its known to myself.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Yet my offer. Is it accepted?

MARIANA. No. Do not deceive thyself further, Signor. My resolve is to wed another. It is fixed and immutable as Heaven's decree! (*moves up.*)

SIGNOR FERNANDO (*aside.*) Curses on Gomo! Raffaelo still lives but he must die, that Fernando might fatten on the glory of his fall. (SIGNOR GONZALO *comes down.* *Exit* SIGNOR FERNANDO *and* SIGNOR GONZALO, R.)

SIGNORA GONZALO. Well, daughter, does Signor Fernando still press his suit?

MARIANA. As zealous as ever mother.

Enter SIGNOR GONZALO *in a fury* R. [*He rushes up and down.*]

SIGNOR GONZALO. A daughter did I think to have? One whose beauty hath created for her a legion of idolators. One whom a fond and doating father hath petted, coaxed, fondled and idolized, nay worshipped to turn disobedient and oppose that father's will. By my soul, I'll have recourse to sterner stuff than my wonted milk of human kindness to bend her from hard necked obstinacy to soft pleasing compliance. Ay, the proud imperious Gonzalo will have his way, in spite of daughter, wife, or the world entire.

SIGNORA GONZALO. My Lord and husband, why this extreme rage? Where's the cause? I 'prithee tell me, my Lord.

SIGNOR GONZALO (*points to* MARIANA.) There! There it is!

MARIANA. I the cause, dear father? Indeed I'm ignorant of it, then.

SIGNOR GONZALO. O! how conceit can blanch the guilty face, and o'erspread it with a tone of innocence! Now, Mariana, with thy father that evasion will not do. Dost thou know Signor Fernando?

MARIANA. I do. Yet I am not flattered by that knowledge in the least.

SIGNOR GONZALO. Thou refused then his proferred hand in marriage, and that too in opposition to thy father's will.

MARIANA. (*kneeling to her father.*) O! forgive me, father! Signor Fernando can never be mine. Indeed I loathe him, and love another! (MARIANA *rises and throws herself into her mother's arms.*)

SIGNOR GONZALO. (*greatly agitated.*) So this is my daughter? Flesh of my flesh! In faith, rank and lineage a Guelph; yet in her head-strong will, an imp. (*aloud to* MARIANA.) Mariana! now listen. The cold gloomy walls of a nunnery shall inclose thee in their icy fold, 'till thou hast learnt obedience. Get thee hence! Away!

MARIANA. [*proudly*] A nunnery! then be it so. But mark ye! Thy daughter is resolved to brave her father's wrath ay, were that father Mount Vesuvius and threatened in his unnatural maledictions to o'erwhelm her with a torrent of lava, she'd stand like a cold marble statue on its solid base, unheeding, let it pass on. O, Raffaelo! Raffaelo!

RAFFAELO. [*suddenly appearing from side door* L.] Didst thou call, Mariana?

MARIANA. Heavens! lost! for ever lost!

SIGNOR GONZALO. Raffaelo here? O! what a sight is here to inflame my breast with foul suspicion of my daughter's honor! O, chastity! chastity! 'tis Heaven's boon and woman's greatest ornament!

MARIANA. [*seizing her father.*] Father! father! thy daughter is innocent save that of loving Raffaelo. The new-born babe is not more chaste than she, and he there, Raffaelo as worthy of her love as is Heaven of mine and thine. Come dear father smile again upon thy daughter, and I 'prithe do look on Raffaelo with an approving eye.

SIGNOR GONZALO. [*tearing himself from* MARIANA.] Never! a monument I'd rather ascend, and from its utmost top hurl myself, than see thee wed him, the low-born Neapolitan, whose front bears impress of the savage Lazzarone.

RAFFAELO. If I've done aught to criminate me, to forfeit the world's esteem, or thine, thou shalt be my judge. At the bar of thy judgement I now stand arraigned, most noble Signor. Unaptly I am discovered here, which might justly call up thy displeasure. I love Mariana and she reciprocates that love. Therein lies my offence. Thou didst call me low-born, said my

face bore the impress of the savage Lazzarone, for which I hurl defiance in thy teeth for the proof thereof, nay, pity thee for that unjust remark. Know thou, Signor Gonzalo, that Raffaelo was lowly born, bnt not low-born, nor is his front, I 'prithee scan it to a nicety, Lazzarone-like, savage or inhuman, but impressed with the glow and fervor of youth, and type of bold urbanian prominence, the Raffaelo Sanzio of immortal fame. Signor Gonzalo I await thy pleasure.

SIGNOR GONZALO. A dungeon, thou robber of my daughter's honor and my good name! Ho there! without there!

Enter male attendants, R.

Seize that villian and away with him!

MARIANA. [*throws herself at her father's feet.*] O! spare him! spare him! Believe me father he's guiltless to a fault. O! spare him!

SIGNOR GONZALO. No! no! Death to the dog! Unhand me, daughter! Mariana, unhand me! [*throws* MARIANA *off.*]

[*The attendants approach* RAFFAELO.]

RAFFAELO. [*Stilletto drawn and with great vehemence.*] Back! Do not touch me to further rouse the wrath that swells my breast, or the penalty of the audacity shall be the forfeit of your lives, ay, corses at my feet, a damning proof of man's mortality. Away! To follow me is to die in my track. Away! [*exit* RAFFAELO.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A street in Florence.*

Enter MARCO *and Marini.* R.

MARCO. So Marini, our love-frolic has had a sad termination. Alas! poor Antonio, how I pity him. Methinks no Christian mother ever gave birth to one more noble and jovial hearted fellow. Ah! his proposal was silly, yet sillier we to second it.

MARINI. Ay, Marco, 'twas a sorry end for Antonio. For me 'twill ever be a gloomy reminiscence. Still, dear Marco, past regret is vain, so with your leave we'll lay aside this mourning grief, and act like men, ay, as becomes true-born sons of Italia's soil, viz., ne'er to rest till we've sniff'd, nay, o'ertaken,

like pertinacious bloodhounds the author of the deed, and get satisfaction by driving our steel blades through his fiendish body. Now to my plan—that we do repair in company to the piazza this very night. Thou or I, 'tis immaterial which, shall do as we in oath agree upon, to attract Mariana's attention, and the other so conceal himself that in case of an attack we can each do battle for the cause of both.

MARCO. Most excellent, good and valiant Marini. Your hand. By Jove! I'll do my duty to the very letter, or never more call me thine.

MARINI. (*draws his rapier*) Now, Marco, draw thy rapier (*He draws his rapier.*)

Again Marini and Marco do solemnly vow to proceed still undaunted on their errand of love and revenge, to succeed or die! (*They sheath their rapiers.*)

MARCO. Now, on! on! Marini—eve is waning fast.

MARINI. O, Heaven be praised! Come on! (*Exeunt*, L.)

[*Exit* MARINI *and* MARCO.

SCENE II.—*The Piazza.*

Enter MARINI *and* MARCO. L. U. E.

MARINI. (*points his rapier.*) 'Twas here poor Antonio fells Alas! departed Antonio, well do I remember thee. To Marini't mind thy worth shall ever remain vivid and cherished. O! wha- a fate for one so noble, to die so unaptly, ay, a death of igno miny. O, shame! They cut thee off when in the prime and vigor of manhood—no warning given—no cause assigned, that moved to it that fiendish hand. Oh! that my words might move Jehovah to guide thy fleeted spirit to our souls, and direct us to the channel of truth, that we may find the thread of mystery, and despite its many windings, discover the hell-hounds of the bloody deed at last.

MARCO. (*rapier pointed.*) O, Antonio! 'Tis to thy manes I will unfold my soul's lament at thy fated doom. O! may the Heavens be to pity moved, and thee a godly welcome shout. Surely such a fate as thine calls aloud for pity and revenge. Antonio! Antonio! thou hast indeed our pity, nay more, a burning, quenchless wish so foul a wrong to see avenged.

Ye powers above, do not that wish gainsay.
We're ready and willing thy mandate to obey.

MARINI. Now, good Marco, I'll speed me on my errand—try my skill on the ears of Mariana, that beauty fair. Should I fail, 'twill be no fault of mine. 'Tis rich to woo so coy a maid—'twould be richer, Marco, to win so great a prize. Now I'd have thee, hie to you hiding corner. Be sure no dust or gnat doth

annoy thy watchful eyes, or they'll drop 'tis certain, and I shall unprotected be.

MARCO. Never fear, good Marini—never fear. 'Tis a well-timed caution. I'll at once to my hiding place, so dispose of myself that my senses shall not lack a bit. So, God be with thee! (MARCO *conceals himself*, MARINI *moves to* MARIANA'S *window.*)

Enter GOMO, TOMASO, JACOPO *and* FERRO, *up stage. They stealthily peer around them.*

GOMO. That's he!

TOMASO. Ay, or Raffaelo hath many forms.

FERRO. Gad! tis he, by the ostrich feather waving in the centre of his white plume.

GOMO. Humph! he seems to know it too, for he, like the proud peacock, struts in the majesty of his own conceit. He knows the maid doth love him. Hush! Keep ye lynx-eyed watch. I'll to the love-sick brawler and end him in a twinkling. (GOMO *dashes at* MARINI, MARCO *makes for* GOMO,)

MARCO. Come on, ye dogs of hell.

MARINI. Ha! a band of assassins? Come on! My cry is Antonio and his revenge. (*They fight*, GOMO *and his companions wound* MARCO *and* MARINI.)

MARCO. O! my curses alight on that blood-stained hand! Marini, I am stabbed! (*Exeunt* GOMO *and his companions in haste.*)

MARINI. Marco, pursue! pursue! I, I bleed! O! may eternal death be their doom! (*Exeunt* MARINI *and* MARCO *staggering.*)

[*Murmurs heard without, and a light appears at* MARIANA'S *window.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter GOMO *and* FERRO. R. GOMO *thoughtful.*

FERRO. It appears to me that thou art much changed of late Gomo.

GOMO. How changed, Ferro, for better or for worse?

FERRO. For worse, methinks, for thou wilt not follow in the chase to capture Raffaelo. Come, think on the reward. Faith the sum's a tempting bait.

GOMO. No! me it shall not tempt. Mark me, Ferro, I'll be no longer a tool in the hands of Signor Fernando. Wouldst thou have me be a bloodhound at the heels of that noble youth, Raffaelo? No! no! I will not go! Humph! reward! I despise it now.

FERRO. Dare I call thee a woman.

GOMO. Ay, if thou wilt, and take the chances in doing so.

FERRO. Gomo, I would not anger thee.

GOMO. Zounds! Durst thou try it?

FERRO. Ay, could I but win thee to my suit.

GOMO. Listen, Ferro. Let those hired menials who sigh for blood-money go to the "Retreat of Rocks," where 'tis said that noble and lion-hearted Raffaelo lurks for safety, and if they do catch him alive, by my hope of salvation, I'll give thee two-fold the offered reward. (*aside.*) I know they cannot do it—ha! ha! (*aloud.*) Now will that suffice, Ferro?

FERRO. It will. Thy hand Gomo. (*they shake hands.*)

GOMO. Ay, and my heart to boot. (*going off.*)

FERRO. Stay thou by me. (*Exeunt* GOMO *and* FERRO.)

SCENE IV.—*A wild retreat—Rocks on all sides. In* C. *a yawning gulf.*

Enter MARIANA *and* JULIETTA. L.

MARIANA. Art sure, my dear and confidential Julietta, my carriage is so prudently placed that Figaro can hither see to answer with lightning's speed my beckon or call.

JULIETTA. As positive, my lady, as we both exist.

MARIANA. O! Julietta! what a gloomy locality! and for me alas! made truly so by the fact that Raffaelo in his flight from the jaws of his persecuting enemies, must find in it his temporary whereabouts at least.

JULIETTA. O! do not despair, my lady. This uncalled for persecution must soon have an end.

MARIANA. O! that we had never loved, then this dismal home had ne'er been his.

JULIETTA. Cease, I prithee, this despair, 'twill surely impair thy health, and add another woe to those thou hast already. My lady, you tremble!

MARIANA. I do so, Julietta, for should this rash step be discovered, 'twill bring Raffaelo to a certain death, and myself within the walls of a convent, though the latter named, the lesser evil of the two.

JULIETTA. Take courage, my lady. Really thou ought not to fear detection. That disguise will suffice for that. But my lady art thou sure 'twas here Raffaelo did note it down.

MARIANA. In sooth I am sure of it. (*takes letter from her bosom.*) See Julietta, here it is. He says at the Gulf of Pan; ay, this Gulf of Pan I well remember. It is so called by the superstitious peasantry, and is it not a frightful, yawning chasm?

JULIETTA. Indeed it is, my lady, (*aside*) and enough to give anybody the blues.

MARIANA. It would strike terror to the stoutest heart. I

shudder as I gaze upon it. It is from some mysterious impulse hard to explain. O! may the Fates ordain it that its gloomy and unexplored depth may give rise to hope like the box of Pandora, to afford some consolation to the lowly-stricken Mariana.

JULIETTA. Lowly-stricken Mariana! O! say not so my lady. I'll again venture to counsel thee. Be cheerful. Think that all will end well. Raffaelo's innocent and wary. Of that he's given many proofs. Consider wisely that this holy love of yours is a fated thing, and if Julietta be not circumscribed in her wits, why saucy Hymen will ere long metamorphose you two into one. But look, my lady, who comes hither? Now I'll take my leave awhile, and in yon rock play "hide and seek." Still, my lady mistress, I'll keep within call. (*Exit* JULIETTA. L.)

Enter RAFFAELO. R.

RAFFAELO. (*embraces* MARIANA.) Mariana, to behold thee again makes my heart leap with joy.

MARIANA. O! Raffaelo, can such a love as ours, heavenly, pure and holy, go unrequited?

RAFFAELO. Methinks to harbor that thought is to bosom a wrong, which no sooner conceived would be by us plucked out, unworthy of our hope of Heaven's sanction to our love, and love's recompense—an union of two loving souls—the formation of another link in the great and endless chain of human events. Thou tremblest, Mariana!

MARIANA. Ay, for thy safety. O! Raffaelo, what horrid tragedies have been committed to dim the hitherto good name of Florence. Their bare recollection wrings my young heart. Listen! Raffaelo—strong forebodings haunt my mind that the assassins aimed at thy life, yet their fell intent was marred by Providence.

RAFFAELO. O! let not fancies disturb thy mind. Rest assured that time will solve the mystery. Alas! I pity those victims!

MARIANA. And I do too, from my heart, Raffaelo. O! what a mysterious something holds the world and all therein to its iron will and bondage. But see, Raffaelo! What is this? Look! Julietta hastens hurriedly this way. May Heaven shield us!

Enter JULIETTA, (L.) *in great haste.*

JULIETTA. My lady! my lady! Fly! fly! Yonder comes a body of armed men led on by ———. O! fly my lady! fly!

MARIANA. Raffaelo, we're lost!

RAFFAELO. Not yet! Be firm. Remember the Nemæan lion was never fiercer or more unconquerable than I am now. (*draws his sword.*)

MARIANA. (*clinging to* RAFFAELO, *and* JULIETTA *clinging to* MARIANA'S *dress.* Raffaelo, be not hasty. Sheathe ! O sheathe that murderous weapon.' Twill lead thee into error, and I shall repent me thereof. O sheathe it—'tis Mariana's wish.

RAFFAELO. (*sheathes his sword.*) That wish is answered. My sword is sheathed.

MARIANA. O, Raffaelo, who comes ?

RAFFAELO. My pursuing bloodhounds, no doubt, who'd fain reap the reward of five thousand ducats, and show me, if o'er taken, as much mercy as its nature allows it to do. But they shall not have me ; not alive, for with this sword and well-nerved arm, I'll fight these menials and yelling hounds, and prove to these proud, o'erbearing patrician bloods that in the veins of plebeian Raffaelo courses a much purer blood—so let 'em come—I'm prepared.

MARIANA. Gracious Heaven ! They are here. (RAFFAELO, MARIANA *and* JULIETTA, *move up.*)

Enter SIGNOR GONZALO *and* SIGNOR FERNANDO, *followed by attendants, armed.* L.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. (*perceives* R FFAELO.) (*aside.*) Raffaelo and Mariana, as I live. (RAFFAELO, MARIANA *and* JULIETTA *come down.*)

SIGNOR GONZALO. Great God ! it is Raffaelo and my daughter Mariana !

RAFFAELO. Ay, Signor Gonzalo, I am Raffaelo, and this is thy daughter Mariana.

MARIANA. (*flying to* SIGNOR GONZALO.) Father ! dear father ! O do cease this persecution on innocent Raffaelo. (SIGNOR GONZALO *spurns* MARIANA *from him.*) O ! listen father ! listen !

SIGNOR GONZALO. Away ! Begone ! Thy disobedience and unheard of conduct, hath brought down upon thy head a father's curse ! Begone ! Begone !

MARIANA. (*with resigned dignity.*) O ! may Heaven forgive that daughter's father ! (MARIANA *moves to* RAFFAELO'S *side.*)

SIGNOR GONZALO. (*furiously.*) Attendants ! seize that outlaw Raffaelo. Thy country's disgraced. Indeed a common murderer !

RAFFAELO. (*drawing his sword.*) 'Tis false as God is true ! I am Raffaelo, but no murderer. It was not I who mangled the bodies of the brave and good Antonio, Marini and Marco. That fact is already registered in hallowed Heaven, whose just and scathing wrath will fall ere long upon the heads of the guilty damned.

SIGNOR GONZALO. (*to* RAFFAEL .) Base wretch ! with thee

I'll not parley. Attendants do your duty. Away with him, ay, to a dungeon! to a dungeon!

MARIANA. (*clinging to* RAFFAELO. Never! If for that purpose thou and thy minions have come, know that Mariana will die in defence of Raffaelo.

SIGNOR GONZALO. Attendants seize him and bear him hence, I say! (*The attendants press upon* RAFFAELO.)

RAFFAELO. Avaunt! ruffians avaunt! It is not my wish to shed man's blood, but in a righteous cause what will not a man do? I am innocent of these base accusations, and warn ye to stand aloof. The protecting influence of all-seeing Heaven hovers over me, as 'twill ever over the heads of the innocent, the brave, and the falsely accused. (*they continue to press upon* RAFFAELO.) Back! I defy ye all! I'd pass, nor can ye obstruct me! (*aside.*) Now for the leap of peril! (RAFFAELO *cuts his way through attendants with determined desperation, gains the Gulf of Pan, and leaps it.* C.

MARIANA. Raffaelo! Raffaelo! (*weeps.*)

RAFFAELO. Mariana! we shall meet again!

SCENE V.—*A street in Florence.*

Enter GOMO *and* FERRO. L.

GOMO. (*pensive.*) Alas! Raffaelo so pertinaciously dogged is at length in manacles. Poor Raffaelo! thou hast indeed Gomo's pity, for he hath wronged thee much. Ferro, methinks there never was an eve like this since heavenly incarnation dawned on man, yet by my reflections most sadly dimned, nay blasted. To-morrow is Shrovetide– there's to be a Carnival, a public jubilee, in honor, I suppose of Raffaelo's self-surrender, and I dare say, subsequent execution. Ay, when to-morrow's sun shall have sunk in the horizon, Raffaelo, the Achillean youth, is to be sacrificed at the shrine of innocence! It is an accursed sin of that colossal magnitude, that the angels on high dare not palliate.

FERRO. Hast thou turned moralist, Gomo!

GOMO. Wherefore should I not? O! Ferro, a fool is man to let his passions run riot, and plunge his soul into crimes for ducats, whose glitter, like the ignis fatuus, draws him spell-bound, despite reluctance, to his own destruction. Such is crime, Ferro. I feel its secret workings here, nor can I hunt the bugbear from my relenting soul.

FERRO. Tut!

GOMO. Ay, thou may'st deem it weakness, yet so it is, that Gomo is now past his own control.

FERRO, How? Doth the burly Gomo repent him of the path to wealth? 'Twas wise in thee to reap good fruit on vantage ground. Methinks it matters little how wealth is got. Its possession makes the man. Such is the world's esteem. Then why regret? Gomo, I'd not have thee shrink from what has passed, or from what may come. So be thyself again. (*hooting and noises heard without.*)

GOMO. Ferro, dost hear those shouts?

FERRO. I do. 'Gad! they come from stentorian lungs, with not a jot of music in their sound.

GOMO. And to my ears they give a painful tingling, since my frame of mind is so opposed. Well, well, they're steeped in ignorance, and I pity those misguided wretches. (*going off.*) Now Ferro we'll hence, and wend our homewand way, to prepare ourselves for the coming morn. (*exit* GOMO *and* FERRO. R.)

SCENE VI.—*A Square and Citizens observed. A dead march is played without. The Citizens kneel and cross themselves.*

Enter SIGNOR GONZALO *and* SIGNOR FERNANDO. R. *They converse apart. The multitude rise.*

Enter PRIEST, *bearing a cross.* CAPTAIN OF THE NIGHT-GUARD. RAFFAELO *pinioned, followed by Soldiers.* GOMO *and* FERRO *observed to force their way through the crowd.* C. *A female scream is heard from without.*

Enter MARIANA R., *in the garb of a Nun, followed by* JULIETTA, *also in the garb of a Nun.* MARIANA'S *hair disheveled, and she looks raving.*

MARIANA. (*without.*) Pass, I will, ruffians. Who dares to deny Mariana access? (*enters.*) Am I not the only daughter of the house of Bianchi? (*observing* RAFFAELO *she flies to him.*) Raffaelo! Raffaelo!

SIGNOR GONZALO. (*aside.*) Ha! my daughter here. O, nunnery! where is thy security now?

MARIANA. Ah! have they pinioned thee, Raffaelo? But I thank Heaven that thou art not yet immolated. Nor shalt thou be. O! innocence and persecution like thine shall ascend to the throne of grace to be revenged; ay, these dastardly foes shall be crushed with an ocean of galling remorse and bitter dread!

JULIETTA. (*clinging to* MARIANA.) My lady! my lady mistress, O! do stay this anger.

MARIANA. O, Julietta. I cannot.

JULIETTA. O, yes, thou cans't. Do be calm. This terrible wrath will impair thy mind.

MARIANA. O! it matters not.

JULIETTA. Nay more, dethrone thy reason.

MARIANA. No! no! Julietta, O leave me.

JULIETTA. Nay, Julietta loves thee devotedly, and cannot help venturing a gentle reproof, which my lady methinks should take kindly.

PRIEST. Lady Mariana I prithee take comfort. Be calm and go hence. Blood for blood is one of the sacred laws of Heaven, and, ergo, man's right. My lady Mariana, we must do our duty. So——

MARIANA. Hold thy babbling tongue! Priest as thou art, I tell thee fearlessly that I'd rather pluck out these ears than doom myself to listen a second to thy wonton palliation of a sin, the enormity of which thou can'st not show an iota of extenuation—the immolation of an innocent man. Go babble forth such sacrilege to credulous ears, and not to mine. (MARIANA *flies about in front of the soldiers, making pitiful signs for them to release* RAFFAELO.)

GOMO. (*aside.*) O! a scene like this appals and makes throb the tough heart of the burly Gomo. Would I were a child again, for then would I willingly relieve my surcharged heart in a flood of tears. (*the* PRIEST *makes a sign to move on.*)

MARIANA. Nay, stay! O! listen soldiers and you good citizens all! Assist me to stop, I conjure ye, this contemplated sacrifice of a noble, brave and innocent man. His sole crime being, if it is a crime, his love for me. They charge Raffaelo with murders, and they of the most heart-rending nature. But that charge is false! Believe it not. Raffaelo possesses a soul much too noble and pure. O! did you but know him as I do, his guiltlessness would instantly flash across your minds, and I should see you shed tears of sorrow. Alas! what an abomination to say that Raffaelo stained his hands in the life-blood of the gay and youthful Antonio, Marini and Marco. 'Tis a bare-faced falsehood, a wicked and wanton subterfuge, conceived and made tangible by a monster in human form as yet unknown to ye, for a base and sordid end. That Antonio, Marini and Marco were unmercifully butchered, and that too under my window, whither Raffaelo repaired him, is most true; yet soldiers and citizens, what devilish motive could instigate the act when he loved me, and I returned that love in all the warmth of my confiding nature? Was it jealousy prompted the deed? Ay, jealousy no doubt, but apart from Raffaelo. (*agitation manifested.*)

(SIGNOR FERNANDO *writhes in agony.*) (*pointing to* SIGNOR FERNANDO.) See! See! Thank Heaven, those horrid distortions carry evidence of guilt as confirmatory as Holy Writ. O! behold him how he writhes!

SIGNOR FERNANDO. (*aside.*) Great Heaven! do I dream? O! methinks I now behold the airy visions of departed Antonio, Marini and Marco. O! they taunt me with an unearthly power that further palls my wreck of soul—away! (*buries his face in his hands.*) (*much agitation manifested with the soldiers and citizens.*)

MARIANA. (*advances to* SIGNOR FERNANDO.) Now, Signor Fernando I summon thee on this spot and before high Heaven, to confront me. Nay, hold up thy head, to deny if thou canst the charge I'm about to make. It is that thou, base unnatural wretch, art guilty. That, instigated by jealousy, 'cause Raffaelo deserved my preference, thou didst slay, if not by thine own hand, ordered to be slain, Antonio, Marini and Marco.

SIGNOR GONZALO. Captain I desire thee to proceed. Mariana raves. Indeed her words should not be heeded. Her's is a delirium of the brain.

MARIANA. Peace! Dare essay another venture to mar my fixed resolve to stay this cruel execution, and I'll call thee father ay, father, the unnatural, and brand thee with a daughter's curse.

SIGNOR FERNANDO. Soldiers and citizens! The Marchesa's words are the ravings of a maniac, and of a revolutionary tendency, therefore to do your duty is to proceed.

MARIANA. Monster! Go hide thy head from the gaze of man and the light of Heaven. Angels are said to weep in contemplating such as thou, and good men known to cry aloud. Go! go! Mariana loathes thee!

CAPTAIN. Fair and beauteous Mariana, thy words have sunk deep into our hearts. From many an eye I do observe the tear drop. But, alas! my lady, pardon us. We must do our duty.

MARIANA. (*weeps.*) Good Captain, release Raffaelo. (*much agitation manifested.*)

CAPTAIN. Consider what thou askest noble lady. It is impossible. (*uproar with Soldiers and* RAFFAELO. RAFFAELO *is observed to make desperate efforts to break his fetters. He frees himself at length.*)

RAFFAELO. (*throwing himself at* MARIANA'S *feet.*) Mariana! Mariana! I've sundered these ignominious shackles! I'm free again, and thine for evermore!!! (*much confusion. Soldiers charge for* RAFFAELO.)

GOMO. (*in a voice of thunder.*) Hold!

MARIANA. Hold! say'st thou? Stranger! who art thou? Speak! O! in thy flashing eye, and on that quivering brow, methinks I read a something, I know not what, yet a something 'tis that leaps this heart of mine with a joyous emotion ne'er felt 'till now. Speak! unbosom thy manly heart, ay, lay it bare. O! let no hidden, blacken'd secret gnaw it there. Out with it! Mariana entreats thee, back'd by glorious Heaven in her honest cause!

SIGNOR FERNANDO. To the execution. I beseech ye heed not the words of this man, since he's a madman.

GOMO. False! I am not mad. I am Gomo, and, thank God, still in the full vigor of my natural senses; but thou, Signor Fernando, art the sole cause of these assassinations, so horrifying to the good and peaceful citizens of Florence. [*much consternation manifested.*] Know then soldiers and citizens that Signor Fernando sought me and my companions at our Smithy—tempted us by a bribe of gold to assassinate Raffaelo. By sheer mistake the noble Antonio fell, then Marini, and the gallant Marco in defending Marini. [*increased consternation manifested.*] Raffaelo's valor and persecution, Mariana's and Raffaelo's mutual and ardent love for each other, won for them my pity and love. Raffaelo! Gomo proclaims thy innocence. Thou art free as the uncaged bird, and may Heaven bless thee. Soldiers I surrender myself a prisoner to await the Tribune's clemency. [*mingles with Soldiers.*]

MARIANA. [*throws herself into the arms of* RAFFAELO.] Raffaelo! Raffaelo! my prayer is heard—thou art free!

SIGNOR GONZALO. [*moves to* SIGNOR FERNANDO.] O! thou worse than man! Fiend! Monster! Prepare thyself, an ignominious death awaiteth thee. Prepare thyself!

SIGNOR FERNANDO. [*draws a dagger and rushes upon* RAFFAELO.] O! thou accursed destroyer of all my hopes! It is on thee I'll have revenge! Die! [SIGNOR FERNANDO *is seized with horrid convulsions. Two Guards advance. He falls struggling into their arms and dies. They carry him off.*

MARIANA. [*kneels to her father.*] Father! father! O deign to bless thy daughter again with thy wonted smile and happy

glance. If Mariana hath offended thee, thou must acknowledge in that offence a good divine—for see the moral—guilt proven and innocence proclaimed. O! smile again my honored father! [*rises.*] [SIGNOR GONZALO *embraces his daughter, and beckons the* PRIEST *and* RAFFAELO *to advance.* SIGNOR GONZALO *puts his daughter's hand into that of* RAPHAELO. *They kneel. The Citizens form a picturesque group.*]

[CURTAIN.]

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